

Loves fierce desire, and hopes of Recovery,

Or, A true and brief Description of two resolved Lovers, whose excellent wits, suitable minds, and faithfull hearts one to another, shall here fully be spoken of in this following new made Paper of Verses.

To a delicate new Tune, or, *Fair Angel of England.*



Now the Tyrant hath stolen,
my dearest away,
And I am confined
with Mopsa to stay.
Yet let Celia remember
how faithfull I'll be
Neither distance nor absence
shall terrifie me.
Whole volumes of sighs
I'll send to my Dear,
And make my own heart
correspond to my fear,
And the soul of my life
may be pleased to see
How delightfull her safe
return is to me.
I shew my sad heart
to remember her love.
Though my case hath caused
this sudden remove.
And my mind is resolved,
whatsoever ensue,
Whether Sun, Wind, or Thunder,
to be constant and true,

If my Bark sail but safely
through this rugged Sea,
Though with contrary winds
much tossed it be:
In the Haven of rest
and long look's for content,
I'll chant forth melodious
songs of merriment.
Then I'll retreat to
the Forest and moor,
As soon will echo
my horns and my horn
Reynard shall escape me
that runs on the way,
But patience perforce
I will make him to stay.
My heart hath enquired
of every stone,
What convey the heavens
hath bequeath'd to my moan,
But for ought I can find
holy Angels are agreed
To rival my hopes,
and to slacken my speed.

The second Part.

To the same tune.



Therefore I'll sit down and
bemoan my sad state.
Like the Turtle I'll mourn
for the loss of my Mate.
All the worlds greatest glories
be vocation to me,
Till my Celia and I
in our loves may be free.



Celia her sweet Reply to her
faithfull Friend.

Thy presence dear Friend
I have well understood.
And how in exile
thou hast wander'd the Wood:
But I am resolv'd
thy sorrows to free,
To make thee amends
I'll soon come unto thee.

'Tis neither the Tyger,
the Wolf, nor the Boar;
Nor shall Nylus Crocodile
put me in fear,
I'll swim through the Ocean
upon my bare back,
To finde out my Darling
whom I do love best.

And when I have found him,
with double delight
I'll comfort him kindly
by day and by night.
And I'll be more faithfull
than the Turtle-dove,
Which never at all do
prove false to her Love.

The fierce B. filisko that
kills with the eye,
Shall not have the power
once thee to come nigh.
I'll clip thee and hug thee
so close in my arms,
And I'll venture my life for
to save thee from harms.

My lap for thy head Love,
a Pillow shall be.
And whilst thou dost sleep
I'll be carefull of thee.
I'll wake, and I'll watch and
I'll kiss thee for joy.
And no venomous creature
shall my Love annoy.

The Satyrs shall pipe
and the Syrens shall sing,
The Wood-nymphs with musick
shall make the Groves ring.



The Horn if shall sound,
and the Hounds make a noise,
To fill my Loves heart with
ten thousand rare joys.

So now I am coming
to hasten the time,
Pray Heav'n and good Angels
to be my good speed.
If fortune me favour, and
Seas quiet prove,
I soon will arrive at
the Port whom I love.

Now Celia is gone to
finde out her Dear,
Her heart that was sad
to comfort and cheer,
No doubt but each other
they will lovingly greet,
When as they together
do so lovingly meet.

L.P.

FINIS.



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